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THE
COSTLIE
WHORE.

A COMICALL HISTORIE,
Acted by the companye of
the Revels.



LONDON

Printed by Augustine Mathewes, for WILLIAM
SHEARES, and HUGH PERRIE,
and are to be sold at their shoppe, in
Brittaines Burse.

1633.

The Actors names.

Duke of Saxonie.

Fredericke his sonne.

Hatto. } Brothers to the Duke.

Alrid. }

Montano : kinsman to the Duke.

Euphrata, daughter to the Duke.

Constantine, a lover of Euphrata.

Otho, a friend to Constantine.

Alberto.

Reynaldo } two Lords.

Vandermas, a Pander.

Valentia, the Costly Whore.

Julia, a Gentlewoman to Eu-

Two Maides.

(phrata.

Petitioners.

Beggars.

Servants.

149,560

May, 1873

И О Д И О Л

THE

МАЛІАВА золотий місяць від Томії
від зірки Понілія, зірки
алохорінія від Елії, зірки
Білого сокола.



THE COSTLY W H O R E.

Enter Constantine and Otho.

Constantine.

How do'st thou like the lovely Euphrata ?
Otho. I did not marke her.
Const. Then thou didst not marke
The fairest Saxon Lady in mine eye,
That ever breath'd a maid.

Otho. Your minde now knowne,
Ile say shee is the fairest in the world,
Were she the foulest.

Con. Then thou canst dissemble.

Otho. You know I cannot, but deare Constantine,
I prethee tell me first, what is that Ladie ?
That wonder of her sexe, cal'd Euphrata,
Whose daughter is she ?

Const. I cannot blame thee Otho,
Though thou be ignorant of her high worth,
Since here in Saxon we are strangers both,
But if thou cal'st to minde, why we left Mearsh,
Reade the trice reason in that Ladies eye,
Daughter unto the Duke of Saxonie,
Shee unto whom so many worthy Lords,
Vail'd Bonnet, when she past the Triangle,
Making the pavement Ivory where she trode.

Otho. She that so lightly toucht the marble path,

The costly Whore.

That leadeth from the Temple to the presence.

Conf. The same.

Otho. Why that was white before,
White Marble Constantine, whiter by odds
Then that which lovers terme the Ivory hand,
Nay then the Lillie, whitenesse of her face.

Con. Come, thou art a cavilling companion,
Because thou seest my heart is drown'd in loue,
Thou wilt drowne me too, I say the Ladie's faire,
I say I love her, and in that more faire,
I say she loves me, and in that most faire,
Love doth attribute in Hyperbolies,
Vnto his Mistris the creation of every excellencye,
Because in her his eies do dreame of perfect excellencye,
And here she comes. Enter Euphrata.

Observe her, gentle friend.

Euph. Welcome sweete Constantine.

Con. My Euphrata.

Euph. Thy Euphrata, be thou my Constantine,
But what is he, a stranger, or thy friend?

Con. My second selte, my second Euphrata,
If thou beest mine, salute her gentle Otho.

Otho. An humble and a true devoted heart,
I tender to you in a mindes chaste kisse.

Euph. Welcome to me, since welcome to my friend.

Otho. A beautifull, an admirable Ladie,
I thinke 'tis fatall unto every friend,
Never to love, untill his friend first love,
And then his choice; but sooner will I teare
Out of this brest, mine affection with, my heart.

Eu. Hearing sweet Constantine thou wert so nere me,
I came as I were wing'd to gaze on thee.

Con. And would to heaven there were no bar in time
To hinder me from thy desired sight,
But thousand sutors eyes do watch my steps,
And harke I heare some trampling, how now *Julia*? Enter Julia.

Juli. Madam, the Lord *Montano* spying you,

To

The costly Whore.

To leave the presence, and to enter here,
Hath ever since waited your comming foorth,
And will not be denied untill he see you.

Euph. Of all my futors, most importunate.

Con. What is he love?

Euph. Of very noble birth.

But my affection is not tyed to birth,
I must dispense with this kind conference,
For some small time, untill I rid him hence,
Therefore within my closet hidethy selfe,
Your friend shall *Julia* guide into the garden,
Where through a private doore, but seldom vs'd,
He may at pleasure leave us and returne,
Deny me not, I prethee *Constantine*,
Thou hast my heart, and would thy birth were such,
I need not feare t'avouch thee for my Love.

Otho. Madam, I take my leave.

Exit Otho.

Con. Farewell deare friend,

Returne as soone as may be, farewell Love.

Exit.

Eup. Now guide *Montano* hither.

Enter Montano.

Mon. Gracious Madam, I have seene the noble Palsgrave,
The Prince of *Milleine*, and the Palatine of the Rheine,
With divers other honorable futors,
Mounted to ride unto their severall places.

Euph. Of me they tooke their farewell yesternight.

Mon. What meaneſt your grace to be ſo unkind to all?
You drive away good fortune by diſdaine.

Euph. Why are you grieving too?

Mon. I am your ſubiect;
The meanest that did humbly ſeekē your love,
Yet not the meanest in affection,
And I am come to take my farewell too.

Eup. Why then farewell.

Mon. So ſhort with them that love you.

Eup. Your journey may be great for ought I know,
And 'tis an argument of little love,

The costly Whore.

To be the hinderer of a traveller.

Mon. My journey Madame is unto my house,
Scarce halfe a league hence, there to pine and die,
Becanfe I love such beauteous cructie.

Euph. God speede you sir.

Mon. Nay then I will not leave you:
Madam, tis thought, and that upon good ground
You have shrin'd your affection in the heart
Of some (what ere he be) noble, or base,
And thats the cause you lightlie censure all.

Euphr. Who thinkes it?

Mon. I doe Madame, and your father.

Eu. It is upon my vowed chasitie.

Mon. What dev ill made you sweare to chasitie,
Or have you tane that oath onely for a terme.

Euphr. A terme, what terme?

Mon. A terme of some seven yeeres,
Or peradventure halfe the number more.

Euphr. For terme of life.

Mon. You have sworne to be forsworne,
He was no well disposed friend of yours,
That gave you constaile to forsware such beautie,
Why tis as if some traveiler had found
A mine of gold, and made no vse of it.
For terme of life; why then die presently,
So shall your debt to nature be farre leffe;
Your tyranny over mans yeelding heart
Be leffe condemned: oh you were made for man,
And living without man, to murder men:
If any creature be so fortunate
That lives in grace of your all gracieous selfe,
Though I am well perswaded 'tis not I
I vow by all the rites of vertuous love,
Be he ignoble, of the basest sort,
To please you Madame, I le renounce my suite,
And be a speciall meane unto your father,
To grant your hearts affection, though I die.

Euphr.

The costlie Whore.

Euph. Now Lord *Montano* you come neere my heart,
And were I sure that you wold keepe your word,
As I am sure you love me by your deedes,
I might perchance deliver you my thoughts.

Mon. By heaven, and by your beanteous selfe I will.

Euph. Then *Constantine* come forth, behold thy friend.

Enter Constantino.

Con. Madame what meane you, to reveale our love ?

Mon. This is a very stubborne Gentleman,
A Gentleman, a peasant, *Saxonis* affords not one more base.

Con. He does me wrong, that termes me meaner then a gentle-

Mon. I tearme thee so. (man.)

Euph. Why how now Lord *Montano*, you do forget your oath.

Mon. And you your selfe,
Your Princely father, and the Dukedomes honour.
To chaine your liking to a groome so base.

Con. He lies that calles me groome.

Enter Iulla.

Iu. O God, forbear,
His Excellence, your father's comming hither.

Mon. He comes in happietime, to know the cause,
Why such great Princes have bin made your scorne.

Euph. What will you tell him ?

Mon. Will I ? let me die
Contemn'd of heaven, in publique obloquie,
If I reveale not this lascivious course.

Iu. We are undone.

Con. Hence with this prating Maide,
If thou hast any anger in thy brest,
Towards this Lady, turne it all on me,
She is a woman, timerous by her kinde,
I man-like borne, and beare a man-like minde.

Mon. Ile trie your courage —— draw.

Eup. As thou fear'st my frowne,
As thou hast hope to thrive in thy new choice,
As thou respect'st the favour of the gods,
Welfare in any action thou intends,
Doc not reveale unto my fretfull father

The costly Whore.

This humble choice that my high birth hath made:

Mon. Why then forswear him.

Euph. Sooner set thy feet
Vpon my breast, and tread me to the ground.

In. As thou art any thing more then a beast,
Doe not procure my Ladie such disgrace.

Mon. Peace bawde, Ile have no conference with you.

Euph. He cannot hurt me, 'tis my Love I feare,
Although my father be as sterne as warre,
Inexorable like consuming fire,
As icalous of his honour, as his crowne,
To me his anger is like Zephires breath,
Cast on a banke of sommer violets : florib,
But to my Love, like whirlewinde to a boate,
Taken in midst of a tumultuous sea.

Enter Duke of Saxonie, and Fredericke.
Alas he comes, *Montano*, prethee peace,
Courage sweete Love.

Con. I see our love must cease.

Euph. Not if my wit can helpe,
It shall goe hard but Ile prevent the traitor.

Mon. Hearre me my Lord.

Eup. Hearre me my gracious father.

Mon. Hearre me my liege, ther's treason in your Court,
I have found a peasant in the Princesse closet,
And this is he that steales away her honour.

Euph. This villaine gracious father 'tis that seekes
To rob me of mine honor, you your daughter.

Mon. Now as you are a right heroike Prince,
Be deafe unto your daughters faire words.

Euph. Be deafe to him, as you regard your selfe.

Duke. What strange confusion's this, that cloyes our hearing?

Fred. Speake beauteous sister, who hath done thee wrong?

Mon. Her selfe.

Euph. This traitor.

Fre. Lord *Montano*.

Euph. Hec.

Fred. Villaine thou dyest.

Mon.

The costly Whore.

Mon. Stay, she meaneſt Constantine,
Hee that I found infolded in her closet,
Reaping the honour, which a thousand Lords
Have fail'd in seeking, in a lawfull course.

Con. He does me wrong my gracious ſoveraigne.

In. He wrongs my Ladie, an't please your grace.

Mon. Ile tell the trueth.

Euph. Or rather let me tell it.

Mon. Lascivious loue is ever full of sleights.

Euph. Villaines that ſeake by treaſon their deſires,
Want no ſuggeſtion to beguile a trueth.

Mon. I lay, I found this peafant in her closet,
Kissing, imbracing, and diſhonouring her.

Euph. I ſay, an't please your gracious Excellence,
I found this Gentleman within my closet,
There ſet by ſubornation of this Lord,
And here appointed to diſhonor me,
Speake, is't not true?

Con. True, if it please your grace.

Duke. What ſay you ſtrumpet?

In. Since my Ladie ſaies ſo,
I ſay an't please your Excellence.

Duke. Speake woman.

In. 'Tis very true.

Mon. O monſtrous forgerie:

Fre. O more then falſhood to become ſo ſmooth,
In ſuch a dangerous action.

Duke. This is ſtrange,

Montano ſeake the ruine of my daughter.

Eup. Because I would not yeeld unto his ſuite,
Whiſch hee in rapefull manner oft hath ſought,
Hee ſet this Gentleman to doe me shame,
Intending by exclaiſmes to raise the Court,
But that repentaſce in my waiting Maide,
And of his ſorrowtull ſelfe, reveal'd the plot.

Mon. O ye gods, how am I over-reacht!

Duke. I know the yong man to be well diſcended,
Of ciſſil carriage, and approved faith,

The costly Whore.

How ere seduced to this enterprise.

Con. My conscience would not propagate that plot.

Qu. Nor mine my Lord, though gold corrupted me.

Mon. Cleane from the byas wit, by heaven rare wit,
Ile tell another tale, if they have done.

Duke. What caest thou speake vild traitor,
Thou seest thou art prevented in thy plot,
And therefore desperately com' st any thing,
But I am deafe to all such stratagems.

Mon. Will you not heare me?

Duke. Forgeries and lies,
My daughters honour is of that high prize,
That I preferre it 'fore a traitors braine,
Let it suffice, we know she hath deni'd thee,
And some denied (like devills) turne their love,
Into excrutiation of them selves,
And of the parties whom they have belou'd ;
Revenge begins where flatteries doe end,
Being not her husband, thou wilt be no friend.
Thus is thy policy by heaven prevented,
Therefore henceforth, we banish thee our Court,
Our Court ? our territorie, every place,
Wherein we beare the state of Royaltie :
Vrge no reply, the fact is plainly prou'd,
And thou art hatefull where thou wert belou'd.

Mon. My gracious Lord.

Duke. We can afford no grace,
Stay here, and reade thy ruine in my face.

Mon. I goe, contented with this heavy doome,
'Twas mine owne seeking, faire, and wise adiew,
Deceit hath kil'd conceit, you know tis true.

Fre. An vpright sentence of an act so vilde. (ber,

Dsk. Remove this waiting virgin from your chamb'r,
But let this gentleman attend on me,
The best may be deceiv'd by trecherie.

Euph. Then so my gracious father may this maid.

Duke. Then let her keep her place, beware of gold,

The costly Whore.

Honour's too precious to be baselie sold.
Now to our dying friend, his grace of Meath,
Daughter prepare you, you shall ride along,
For to that end we came, come sonne to horse,
Ere we come there, our friend may prove a coarse.

Euph. Twas well done both, this action rarely fell,
where women trie their wits, bad plots prove well.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter three Beggars.

1. Come away fellow louse, thou art ever eating,
2. Have I not neede, that must feede so many
Cannibals, as will waite on me whether I will or no?
3. Heres one in my necke, I wōuld' twere on thy shoulder.
1. Keepe it your selfe, I have retainers enow of mine owne,
2. But, whether are you going now?
1. Why, are you our King, and doe not know that?
2. Your King? I am a very roguish King, and I hav
A companie of lowfie subiects.

Enter Hatto, and Alfrid conferring.

2. But looke about my ragged subiects here comes some body.
1. O the devills, shall we aske them an almes?
2. Why not, now the rats haue eaten up their brother Bishop, they will be more charitable, your vocation you slaves.
3. For the Lord sake be pittifull to a companie of poore men.

Hatto. What cry is this? beggars so neere the doore
Of our deceased brother; whip them hence,
Or bring the Mastiff foorth, worry them,
They are lazie drones, 'tis pittie such should live.

1. I told you my Lord how we should find them: whip us, Leade the way soveraigne, weeke none of your whipping.

Hat. Hence with these dogs, what make they neere this house?
2. He will be eaten with rats too, he looks like a piece of cheese alreadie.

Hat. You Rogues.

Alf. Good brother stay your selfe from wrath,
Thinke on the Bishop and his odious death.

Hat. What odious death I pray?

The costly Whore.

Al. Eaten with Rats,
Whilst he was living, for the wrong he did
Vnco the poore, the branches of our God.

Hat. Tis true, and therefore call the poore againe,
Come hither friends, I did forget my selfe.
Pray for me, ther's some silver for thy wants.

2. Now the Lord blesse you, and keep yowr good fate
From being Mouse-eaten, wee came thinking
Wee should have some dole at the Bishops funerall,
But now this shall serve our turne, wee will
Pray for you night and day.

Hat. Goe to the backe gate, and you shall have dole.

Om. O the Lord save thee! *Excuse Beggers.*

Hat. These Beggers pray and curse, both in a breath,
Oh wherefore should we fawne upon such curres,
The mice of mankind, and the scorne of earth?

Alf. So said our brother.

Hat. And he was a Bishop,
Had read the Scripture, and knew what he said.

Alf. But he hath brought that saying with his death,
With such a loathsome and notorious death,
As while the Worlā's a World, 'twill speake of *Meath*.

Hat. The Lord Archbishop of *Meath*, and die by Rats.

Alf. He did proclaime relief unto the poore,
Assembled them unto a private Barne,
And having lockt the doore, set it on fire,
Saying, hee'de rid the countrie of such Mice,
And Mice and Rats have rid him from the World:

Hat. Well, he not hurt the poore so publikely,
But privately I'ie grinde their very hearts,
Torture them living, and yet have their prayers,
And by such meanes, that few or none shall know it.

Al. In such a course *Alfred* would wind with you,
For though I counsail'd you to be more calme,
Twas not in pittie of their povertie,
But to auoide their clamour, to give nothing,

Will

The costly Whore.

Will make them curse you : but to threaten them,
Flie in your face, and spit upon your beard,
No devill so fierce, as a bread-wanting heart,
Especially being baited with ill tearmes,
But what course can you take to plague these dogges?

Hat. Why, buy up all the corne, and make a dearth,
So thousands of them will die under stallies.

Alf. And send it unto forraine nations,
To bring in coies, to make the wealthy poore.

Hat. Or make our land beare wood instead of wheate.

Al. Inclose the commons, and make white meates deare.

Hat. Turne pasture into Parke grounds, and starve cattle,
Or twentic other honest thriving courses;
The meanest of these, will beggar halfe a Kingdome.

Al. I have a commission drawne for making glasse,
Now if the Duke come, as I thinke he will;
Twill be an excellent meanes to lavish wood,
And then the cold will kill them, had they bread.

Hat. The yron Mills are exellent for that,
I have a pattent drawne to that effect,
If they goe up, downe goes the goodly trees,
Ile make them search the earth to find new fire.

Alf. We two are brothers, and the Duke's our brother,
Shall we be brothers in Commission?
And Ile perswade him to authorize thee
His substitute in Meath, when he enioyes it.

Hat. Death Ile get thee Regent under him
In Saxonie, to oppresse as well as I,
And we will share the profits, live like Kings,
And yet seeme liberall in common things.

Al. Content, what though the Rats devour'd our brother?
Was not a Prophet murdered by a Lyon?
King Herod died of Lice, wormes doe eate us all,
The Rats are wormes, then let the Rats eate me,
Is the dead course prepar'd?

Hat. Embalm'd and coffin'd,
The Citie keyes delivered to my hands,

The costly Whore.

We stay but onely for his Excellence.

Enter Constantine.

Con. The Duke is comming if it please your honors.

Al. And he is welcome, let the trumpets sound.

second florish.

Enter Duke of Saxon, Euphrata, and Julia.

Hat. Welcome, thrice welcome our renowned brother,
Loe at thy feete, the Citizens of Meath,
By us their Agents, do lay downe the keyes,
And by this crownet, and sword resign'd,
The state Maestique to your Princely hands,
Discended to you, by our brothers death.

Duke. Then with your loves, and persons we receive it,
Is then our brother the Archbishop dead?

Hat. Too true my Lord.

Euph. I am sorry for my Uncle.

Hat. And of a death so publike by reporte.

Al. Devour'd by Rats, in strange and wonderous sort.

Duke. Could not this palace seated in the Rheine,
In midſt of the great River, (to the which
No bridge, nor convay, other then by boats,
Was to be had) ree him from vermine Rats?

Alf. Against their kind, the land Rats took the water
And swomme in little armies to the house,
And though we drownd, and kild innumerable,
Their numbers were like *Hydra's* heads increasing,
Ruine bred more untill our brother died.

Duke. The house is execrable, Ile not enter.

Hat. You need not feare my Lord, the house is free,
From all resort of Rats, for at his death,
As if a trumpet sounded a retreat,
They made a kind of murmure, and departed.

Du. Sure 'twas the hand of heaven, for his contempt
Of his poore creatures: but what wris are those?

Hat. Comissions (if it please your grace) for glasse
For yron Mines, and other needfull things.

Duke. Our selfe invested in the government

The

The costlie Whore.

The Cities care, shall lie upon your care.

Hat. Alfred our brother may awaite your grace
in Saxony, so please you to command. (seven,

Duke. We are now but three, that lately have bin
We have cause to love each other, for my part,
Betwene you both, we give a brothers heart.
Here, or at Saxonie, command at pleasure,
I weare the corronet, be yours the treasure.

Al. We thanke our brother.

Duke. Where's my sonne Fredericke?

Enter Fredericke with a glove.

Fre. Father, the state of Meath desire your grace,
To take the paines to passe unto the Senate.

Duke. What glove is that son *Fre.* in your hand?

Fre. I found it if it please your Excellence,
Neere to the state-house, the imbroiderie
Is very excellent, and the fashion rare.

Duke. I have not seene a prettier forme of hand?
Daughter let's see, is't not too bigge for you?

Eup. Sure 'tis some admirable worke of nature,
If it fit any hand that owes this glove,
If all the rest doe parallel the hand.

Duke. Will it not on?

Euph. Not for a diadem,
Ile trie no longer, lest I shame my selfe.

Duke. Try *Julia*.

Jul. My hand's bigger then my Ladies.

Duke. I cannot tell, but in my minde I feele
A wondrous passion of I know not what. (womans

Fre. The imbroidered glove may be some childs no

Duke. I should mistrust as much, but that this place
Bears greater compasse then a childish hand,
I must command it.

Fre. Willingly my Lord.

Dz. Then to the state-house brothers lead the way,

The costly Whore.

First our instalment, then a funerall day.

Exeunt Duke and brothers, and Fred.

Enter Otho.

Otho. Yonder she goes, the mirror of her face,
Stay beauteous Euphrata.

Euph. Otho, what *Julia*?

Fr. Here Madam, what's your will?

Euph. Call *Constantine*,
Tell him, his deare friend *Otho* is return'd.

In. I will.

Otho. Stay *Julia*.

Euph. Doe as I bid you, goe.

Exit *Julia*.

Otho. I had rather have a word or twaine with you.

Euph. I have heard him oft enquire for thee his friend,
I have heard him sigh, I have seene him weape for thee,
Imagining some mischiefe, or distresse
Had faine thee fince the closets separation.

Otho. And what a slave am I to wrong this friend.

Enter *Constantine* with *Julia*.

Con. Where is he?

In. Here.

Con. The welcom'st man alive,
Unkind, how couldst thou stay from me so long?

Otho. I have bin ill at ease, pray pardon me,
But I reioyce to see my friend so well.

Euph. Some Ladies love hath made him melancholy.

Otho. Shee hath read the letter that I lately sent her,
In a pomegranat, by those words I hope.

Con. Why speake you not, is't love, or melancholy?

Otho. If upon love my griefe is melancholy.

Con. Ile haue the best Phisitians here in *Menth*.
Assay by art to cure thatmalladic.

Eup. Gaints melancholy minds your onely Phisick
Our *Saxon* doctors hold that principle,
Now I remember you did lately send me
A choice pomegranate, fetch it *Julia*,
Some of those graines well stir'd in *Gascoine* wine,

The costly Whore.

Is present remedic.

Otho. Madam, Ile none
Of all fruits, that I hate.

Eu. And commended it so highly by the messenger
that brought it.

Con. Twas well remembred, you shall take a graine.

Otho. You will but vexe me.

Con. So his melancholly
Doth make him froward with his dearest friend,

Enter Iulia with the pomegranate.

Tis well done Iulia, quickly cut it up,
And bring a cup of wine, or let me deo't.

Otho. I see I shall be plagu'd with mine owne wit,
Being ashamed to speake, I writ my minde,
Were you my friends, you would not martyr me
With needless phisicke, fie upon this trash,
The very sight is loathsome.

Con. Take it up,
But let me see, what letter's that that dropt,
Came it from you, or from the Spanish fruit.

Iu. Tis all the graines that the pomegranate had.

Con. Then ther's some treachery within these grains,
Ile breake it up,
And 'tis directed to my Empbrata.

Emp. What may the tenure be, I pray thee reade it.

He opens the letter & reads.

Otho. O fall upon me some wind-shaken turret,
To hide me from the anger of my friend,
O from his frowne, because he is my friend,
Were he an enemic, I would be bold.
But kindnes makes this wound ; ô this horror,
The words of friends are stronger then their power.

Con. Withdraw good Iulia. Exit Iulia.

Emp. 'Pray what is it love ?

Con. Tis love indeed to thee, but to my heart
Every leose sentence is a killing dart.
I brought this Gorges to my hearts delight.
And he hath drown'd his seales with the sight,

The costly Whore.

Except thy selfe, all things to him were free,
Otho, thou hast done me more then iniurie,
Well maist thou fixe thy eye vpon the earth,
This action sith breedes a prodigious birth,
It is so monstrous and against all kinde,
That the lights splendor would confound thy minde.

Otho. I have offended, prethee pardon me.

Con. What cause did move thee?

Otho. Her all-conquering sight. (right)

Con. Couldst thou usurpe upon my well known

Otho. Thinke I am flesh and blood, and she is faire.

Con. Thinke how I love thee.

Otho. There procceds my care.

Con. Our amitie hath bin of ancient dayes,
During which time, wrong'd I thee any wayes?

Otho. Never.

Con. But rather I have done thee good.

Otho. I grant you have, ô rather shed my blood,
Then number the kind deedes betweene us past,
For this unkindnesse here I love my last.

Enph. He doth repent, and will renounce his suite.

Otho. I doe renounce it.

Con. O thou canst not do't.

Otho. Suffer me stay a while in her faire sight,
Twill heale my wound and all love banish quite.

Con. The sight of the belov'd, makes the desire
That burnt but slowly, flame like sparkling fire.
As thou dost love me, take thes to some place,
Where thou maist ne're see her, nor I thy face.

Otho. By what is deere betwixt us, by our selves,
I vow henceforth ten thousand deaths to prove,
Then be a hinderance to such vertuous love.

Con. Breake heart, tis for thy sake.

Otho. When I am dead,
O then forget that I haue injured.

Con. O hell of love.

Otho. Or rather hell of friends.

Con.

The costly Whore.

Con. Firmely till they love.

Otho. Then thus all friendship ends.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Duke, Fredericke, Hatto and Alfred.

Hat. Good brother heare some Musick, twill delight you.

Al. Ile call the Actors, will you see a play?

Fre. Or gracious father, see me runne the race,
On a light footed horse, swifter then wind.

Duke. I pray forbeare.

Al. This moode will make you mad,
For melancholy Vshers frantick thoughts.

Hat. It makes hot wreaking blood turne cold and drie,
And drie and coldnesse are the signes of death.

Duke. You doe torment me.

Fred. Is it any thing
That I have done, offends your grace?

Hat. Or comes this hidden anger from my fault?

Alf. Heres none but gladly would resigne his life,
To doe you pleasure, so please you to command.

Duke. Ifaith you are too blame to vexe me thus.

Hat. Then grounds this sorrow on your brothers death?

Fred. Or rather on the glove I lately found.

Duke. A plague vpon the glove, whats that to me,
Your prating makes me almost lunatike.
As you respect my welsare, leave me, leave me,
The sooner you depart, the sooner I
Shall finde some meanes to cure my maladie.

Fred. Our best course is to be obedient.

Exeunt all but the Duke.

Duke. Farewell,
Was ever slave besotted like to me,
That Kings have lou'd, those that they never saw.
Is nothing strange, since they have heard their praise,
Birds that by painted grapes have bin deceiu'd,

The costly Whore.

Had yet some shadow to excuse their error,
Pigmallion that did love an Ivory Nymph,
Had an *Idea* to delight his sence,
The youth that doted on *Minerva's* picture,
Had some contentment for his eye

soft Musique.

But love, or rather an infernall hagge,
Envying *Saxons* greatnes and his ioyes,
Hath given me nothing but a trifling glove,
As if by the proportion of the case,
Art had the power to know the jewels nature,
Or Nymph, or goddesse, woman, or faire devill
If any thing thou art within my braine,
Draw thine owne picture, let me see thy face,
To doate thus grossly, is a grosse disgrace.

Musique within.

I heare some Musique, ô ye Deities.
Send you this heavenly concert from the sphaeres?
To recreate a love-perplexed heart.
The more it sounds, the more it refresheth,
I see no instruments, nor hands that play,
And my deare brothers durst not be so bold,
'Tis some celestiall rapture of the minde,
No earthlie harmonie is of this kinde,
Now it doth cease, speake who comes there?

Enter Fredericke, Alfred, and Hatto.

Fred. Father.

(heard?)

Duke. From whence proceeds the Musicke that I

Fred. The beauteous and the famous Curtezan,
Allyed unto the banished *Montano*,
Admir'd *Valentia*, with a troope of youths,
This day doth keepe her yeerely festiuall,
To all her sutors, and this way she past
Vnto her Arbor, when the Musique plaide.

Duke. Admir'd *Valentia*, Curtezans are strange
With us in Germanie, except her selfe,
Being a *Venetian* borne, and priviledg'd,

The

The costly Whore.

The state allowes none here.

Fred. T were good for *Meath* she were unpriviledgd
And sent to *Venice*.

Al. Of all the faces that mine eye beheld,
Hers is the brightest.

Duke. Is she then so faire?

Hat. O beyond all comparison of beautie.

Fred. Vpon her hand,
Father I saw the fellow to your glove.

Duke. What the imbroidred glove you lately found?

Fred. Fellow to that.

Duke. Then let it be restor'd,
What should a Prince retaine a strumpets glove?
O ye eternall powers, am I insnar'd
With the affection of a common trull,
Wheres your commissions that you would have sign'd,
'Tis time I had a president in *Saxonie*,
Receive our signet, and imprese them straight,
Ile remaine here in *Meath*, some little time,
Brother have care my Dukedom be well rul'd,
Here I put over my affaires to you,
My sonne I leave unto the ioyes of youth,
Tis pittie that his mind should be opprest
So soone with care of governments,
Goe to your pleasures, seeke your sister foorth,
Send *Constantine* to us, so leaue me all,
I am best accompaniied with none at all.

Exeunt.

Manet Duke.

Either the Planets that did meeke together,
In the grand consultation of my birth,
Were opposite to every good infusion,
Or onely *Venus* stood as retrograde,
For but in love of this none loving trull,
I have beene fortunate even since my birth,
I feele within my breast a searching fire,
Which doth ascend the engine of my braine,
And when I seeke by reason to suppressie

The

The costly Whore.

The heate it gives, the greater the excessse:
I loath to looke upon a common lip.
Were it as corall as Aurora's cheeke,
Died with the faire virmillion sunne:
O but I loue her, and they say she is faire,
Now Constantine.

Enter Constantine.

Con. Your grace did send for me.

Duke. Lend me your habit in exchange of mine,
For I must walke the Citie for a purpose.

Con. Withall my heart, my habit and my selfe.

Duke. In any case, watch at the privie chamber.
If any aske for me, say I am not well,
And tho it be my sonne, let him not enter.

Con. I will.

Duke. Be carefull gentle Constantine,
Now faire Valentia, Saxon to thy bower,
Comes like a Love to raine a golden shower. Exit.

Con. Prosper kind Lord, what ere the action be,
Counsailes of Princes shoud be ever free. Exit.

Enter Valentia, and Montano.

Val. Torches and Musique there, the room's too darke.

Mon. Prethee Neece

Abandon this lascivious unchaste life,
It is the onely blemish of our house,
Scandall unto our name, a Curtezan,
O what's more odious in the eares of men!

Val. Then why doe men resort to Curtezans,
And the best sort; I scorne inferiour gromes.
Nor will I denie to draw aside my maske,
To any meaner then a Noble man.

Val. Come, can you dance: a caper and a kisse,
For every turne, I le fold thee in my armes,
And if thou falst although no a kin we be,
That thou maist light fall soft, I le fall under thee,
Oh for the lightnesse of all light heel'd girles.
And I would touch the Ceeling with my lips,
Why art thou sad Montano?

Mon.

The costly Whore.

Mon. On iust cause,
You know I am banish't from my native countrey.

Val. This citie is *Meatb*, thou art of *Saxonic*.

Mon. But this belongs unto the *Saxons* Duke:
By the decease of the departed Bishop.

Val. Feare not, thou art as safe within my house,
As if perculliz'd in a wall of brasie.

Wheres *Vandermas*? Enter *Vandermas*.

Van. Madam did you call?

Mon. What noble man is that, a tutor to you?

Val. An excellent Pander, a rare doore-keeper.

Mon. I had thought he had bin a gentleman at least.

Val. Because of his attire?

Mon. True.

Val. O the attire, in these corrupted daies, is no true signe
To shew the gentleman; peasants now weare robes
In the habiliments of noblemen.

The world's grovvn naught, such iudgement then is base,
For Hares and Asses we are the Lions case.

Mon. 'Tis very costly and exceeding rich.

Val. Riches to me, are like trash to the poore,
I haue them in abundance, gold's my slave,
I keepe him prisoner in a three-fold chest,
And yet his kindred daily visit me.

Mon. Lord how diligent
Is this rich clothed fellow!

Val. Were he proud,
And should but dare to stand still when I call,
I'de runne him through with a killing frowne.

Mon. Why then belike his service is for love.

Val: Why so are all the servants that attend mee,
They keepe themselves in sattin,velvets,gold,
At their owne charges, and are diligent,
Daies,moneths, and yeeres, to gaine an amorous smile.
Looke on my face with an indifferent eye.
And thou shalt finde more musick in my lookes,
Then in *Amphions* Lute, or *Orpheus* Harpe.

The costly Whore.

Mine eye consists of numbers like the soule,
And if there be a soule, tis in mine ey,
For of the harmonie these bright starres make,
I comprehend the formes of all the world,
The story of the *Syrens* in my voyce,
Is onely verified, for Millions stand
In chantred, when I speake, and catch my words,
As they were orient pearle to adorne their eares,
Circe is but a fable, I transforme
The vertuous, valiant, and the most precise,
Into what forme of minde my fancie please,
Thou might'st bee prou'd great Lord of my abundance,
For in this beautie I shal more renowne
Our noble progenie, then all the pennes
Of the best Poets that ere wrot of men.
Vnto your health, a health, let Musique sound, *Musick*.
That what I taste, in Musique may be drown'd.
So, fill more wine, we vse to drinke up all,
Wine makes good blood, and cheeres the heart withal.

Van. Madam, at such time as I heard you call,
A gentleman it seemes of good discent,
Humble did craue accessse unto your honor.

Valen. What did he give?

Van. A brace of bags of gold.

Valen. He shall have libertie to enter straight,
But first inrich the chamber with perfumes,
Burne choice *Arabian* Drugs more deare then
Waters distil'd out of the spirit of Flowers,
And spread our costly Arras to the eye.
My selfe sufficiently doe shine in jems,
Where such faire coated Heralds doe proceed,
It seemes he is honorable and of noble fame.

Mon. Shall I behold this tutor?

Valen. At the full,
At pleasure passe through every spacious Roome,
Be he a Prince, I'le know his high discent.

Or

The costly Whore.

Or proudly scorne to give him his content,
What drum is that?

Van. A Maske sent by a friend.

Valen. Belike our selfe must know the mystrie,
Tell them we are prepar'd to see the Maske,
And bid the other noblemen come neare,
Thus am I hourly visited by friends,
Beautie's a counsellor that wants no fee,
They talke of circles and of powerfull spells,
Heres heavenly art, that all blacke art excells.

Mon. He walkē into the farther gallery.

Enter Duke.

Valen. Sir you are welcome what so ere you be,
I guesse your birth great by your bounteous fee.

Duke. Your humble servant bound by a sweete kisse.

Valen. I give you freedome gentle Sir by this.

He Whispers her.

Val. I know your mind, first censure of the sport,
Then you and I will enter Venus Court.

Du. More then immortall, & more then divine,
That such perfection should turne Concubine.

Mon. That voice is like unto the Saxon Dukes,
I feare he hath heard I liu'd here in this place,
And he is come to doe me more disgrace,
Montano hide thy selfe till he be gone,
His daughter thirsts for my destruction.

Exit Mont.

Val. Come sit by me, the Maskers are at hand,

Enter Maide.

Where are my Maides, to helpe to make the dance?

Enter 2. Maids.

They dancē, Valentina with them, they whisper to her
to have her play at dice, and stake on the drum.

Valen. What shall we have a Mummeling? heres my jewell.

Play on the drums head.

Duke.

The costly Whore.

Duke. Thou art a iewell most incomparable,
Malicious heaven, why from so sweete a face
Have you exempt the mind adorning grace?

they stake and play.

She wins, the drum strikes up.

Val. More gold, for this is mine, I thanke yee dice.

Duke. And so are all that doe behold thy beautie,
Were she as chaste as she is outward bright,
Earth would be heaven, and heaven eternall night,
The more I drinke of her delicious eye,
The more I plunge into captivitie.

She wins, strike up.

Valen. Have I wonne all? then take that back agen,
What scorne my gift, I see you are gentlemen,
No, is't not possible that I may know,
Vnto whose kindnesse this great debt I owe?
Well, Ile not be importunate, farewell,
Some of your gold let the torch-bearer tell.

Duk. Beauteous Madona, do you know these galants?

Valen. I gueſſe them of the Duke of Saxons Court.

Duke. My ſubiects, and ſo many my corrivals,
O every ſlave is grac't before his Prince.

Valen. Are you not well ſir, that your colour fades.

Duke. If I be ſicke, 'tis onely in the minde,
To ſee ſo faire, ſo common to all kinde.

I am growne ialous now of all the world,
Lady how ere you prize me, without pleasure,
More then a kiffe, I tender you this treasure.

O what's a mint ſpent in ſuch deſire,
But like a ſparke that makes a greater fire?

She muſt be made my Dutches, there it goes,
And marrying her, I marry thouſand woes.

Adiew kind Miftrefſe, the next nevves you heare,

The costly Whore.

Is to sit crown'd in an Imperiall crowne. Exit.

Valen. Either the man dislikes me, or his braine,
Is not his owne to give, such gifts in vaine.
But 'tis the custome in this age to cast
Gold upon gold, to encourage men to waste,
Lightly it comes, and it shall lightly flic.
Whilst colours hold, such presents cannot die; Exit.

Enter Reinaldo, Alfred and Albert.

Alb. But this is strange, that I should have her honour?
So farre from Court, pray whither were you riding?

Alf. Unto your mannor, heard you not the newes.

Alb. What newes?

Alf. This morning by the breake of day,
His excellency sent to me by a post,
Letters, by which the pillars of the state
Should be assembled to a Parliament,
Which he intends my Lords, to hold in *Meath*.

Alb. When if it please your honor? (make.)

Alf. Instantly, withall the hast that winged time can.

Albert. Sooner the better,
Tis like the realmes affaires are of some weight.

Alb. I will bee there to night,
And so I take my leave.

Reinal. We take our leaves.

Exit Albert, and Reinaldo.

Alf. Farewell my honor'd friend,
There is within my braine a thousand wiles,
How I may heape up riches, ô the sight
Of a gold shining Mountaine doth exceede,
Silver is good, but in respect of gold,
Thus I esteeme it. Exit.

Enter Hatto with three petitioners.

Hat. How now my friends, what are you?

1. Poore petitioners.

The costly Whore.

Hat. Stand farther then, the poore is as unpleasing
Vnto me as the plague.

2. An't please your good Lordship, I am a Merchant
and gladly would convay a thousand quarters of wheate
and other graine over the sea, and heres a hundred
pounds for a commission.

Hat. Thou art no beggar, thou shalt ha't my friend,
Give me thy money.

3. I an't please your honour have a commoditie of
good broad cloth, not past two hundred, may I shipp
them over, and theres a hundred pouades.

Hat. Thou shalt have leave.

1. Although I seeme a poore petitioner,
My Lord I crave a warrant to transport
A hundred Cannons, fiftie Culverings,
VVith some slight armours, halberts, and halse pikes,
And theres as much as any of the rest.

Hat. Away Cannibal, wouldest thou ship ordnance?
What though we send unto the foes our corne,
To fatten them, and cloth to keepe them warme,
Lets not be so forgetfull of our selves

As to provide them knives to cut our throates,
So I should arme a thiefe to take my purse,
Hast thou no other course of Merchandize? (dred
Thou shouldest get gold, twill yeeld thee ten in the hun-
On bare exchange, and raise the price with vs,
Make us for want, coyn, braffe, and passe it currant,
Vtill we find profit to call it in,
There are a thousand waies to make thee thrive,
And Ile allow of all bee it nere so bad,
Excepting guns to batter downe our houses.

1. Letters of Mart I humblie then intreat,
To cease on Rovers that doe scour the seas. (lie,

Hat. And on our friends too, if thou canst do't clean-
Spare none, but passe it very closely,
VVe will be loath to fist thy Piracie.

But open eare to heare what they complaine,

Hast

The costly Whore.

Haſt thou a Letter?

1. Ready drawne my Lord,
And heres a brace of hundred pounds for you.

Haſt. 'Tis very well, I thinke I ſhall be rich.
If dayly tenants pay me rent thus fast,
Giue me your licenses, they ſhall bee ſeal'd,
About an houre hence, here attend our pleasure.

Omnes. VVe thanke your Lordſhip. *Exeunt pectus.*

Haſt. O vild catterpillers,
And yet how neceſſarie for my turne,
I have the Dukes ſeale for the Citie *Menth*,
VVith which Ile ſigne their warrants,
This corne and twentie times as much
Alreadie covertly convaide to *France*,
And other bordering Kingdomeſ neere the ſea,
Cannot but make a famine in this land,
And then the poore like dogs will die apace,
Ile ſeeme to pittie them, and give them almes,
To blind the world, 'tis excellent policie,
To rid the land of ſuſh, by ſuſh deuice,
A famine to the poore, is like a frost
Vnto the earth, which kills the paltry wormes,
That would destroy the harveſt of the ſpring,
As for the which, I count them paineſſull men
VVorthy to enjoy what they can get,
Beggars are trash, and I eſteeme them ſo,
Starve, hang, or drown themſelves, I am alive,
Loſe all the world, ſo I have wit to thrive,
But I muſt to the Parliament, and then
Ile have a clause to beggar ſome rich men.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Duke, Fredericke, Conſtantine, Reinaldo, Alberto, Alſtrid, and ~~and~~
mongſt them Hanno buffles in.

Alberto. Princes and pillars of the Saxon State,

Duke.

The costlie Whore.

Duke. You are the elected, speake for the Court,
Stay Lord Alberto, we usurpe your office,
Who had the charge to fetch *Valentia*.

Con. I gracious Lord, and when I gave the charge,
A sudden feare by palenesse was displai'd
Vpon her rosie cheeke, the crimson blood,
That like a robe of state did beautifie
The goodly buildings with a two fold grace,
From either side shrunke downewards to her heart,
As if those summons were an adversarie,
And had some mighty crime to charge her with,
Millions of thoughts were crowded in her braines,
Her troubled minde, her abrupt words describ'd,
She did accuse her selfe without accusers,
And in the terroure of a soule perplext,
Cry'd out, the Duke intends to ceale my goods,
Cause I am noted for a Concubine,
I did replie such comfort as beseemes,
But comfortlesse I brought her to the Court.

Duke. Then she attends our pleasure.

Con. Mightie Lord in the next Roome.

Duke. You are carefull *Constantine*,
Conduct her in, and Lords give mee your thoughts,
What thinke ye wee intend to *Valentia*?

Alf. Her selfe hath read my sentence in the speech,
That *Constantine* delivered to your grace.

Fred. What should my noble father thinke,
But that shee is a strumpet, and in that,
A blemish to the state wherein shee lives.

Hat. Shee is rich in iewells, and hath store of treasure,
Got by the slavery of that choice beautie,
Which otherwise admires her to the world.

Alb. Confiscate all her goods unto the Crown,
Thereby disburdening many heavie taxes.
Impos'd upon the commons of the land.

Hat. Publique example make her to all such

Offences

The costly Whore.

Offences in that kind are growne too common,
Lesse shamelesse now were the beautious dames
Of Meath and Saxonie, when the sufferance
Hath at this instant made them good my Lord,
Enact some mighty penaltie for lust.

Duke. How wide these Archers shoothe from the faire aim
Of my affection : bring *Valentia* in.

Enter Valentia, usher'd by Constantine.

Valen. The duetie that in generall I doe owe
Vnto your excellencie and to this Court,
I pay at once upon my bended knee.

Duke. Behold her Princes with impartiall eyes,
And tell me, looks she not exceeding faire ?

Hart. If that her mind coher'd with her faire face,
Shee were the worthy wonder of this age.

Alfred. I never saw a beautie more divine,
Grossely deform'd by her notorious lust.

Fred. Fairenesse and wantonnesse haue made a match
To dwell together, and the worst spoyles both.

Albert. Shee is doubly excellent in sin and beauty.

Duke. That they speake truth my conscience speaks,
But that I loue her that I speake my selfe :
Stand up divine deformitie of nature,
Beautious corruption, heavenly seeing evill,
What's excellent in good and bad stand up,
And in this Chaire prepared for a Duke,
Sit my bright Dutchesse, I command thee sit :
You looke I am sure for some apologetic,
In this rash action ; all that I can say
Is that I loue her, and wil marry her.

Fred. How loue a Lais, a base Rodophe,
Whose body is as common as the Sea
In the receipt of every lustfull spring ?

Albert. The elements of which these orbes consists

E

Fire,

The costly Whore.

Fire, ayre, and water, with the good we tread
Are not more vulgar, common, popular
Then her embracements.

Alberto. To much yne the thoughts
Vnto this dissemblance of lascivious loue
Were to be maried to the broad rode way,
Which doth receiue the impression of every kind.

Fred. Speech doth want modesty to set her forth
In her true forme, base and contemptible,
The very hindes and peasants of the land
Will bee Corrivals with your excellency,
If you elpoule such a notorious Trull.

Albert. We shall haue lust a vertue in the Court :
The wayes of sinne be furthered by reward :
Panders and Parasites sit in the places
Of the wise Counsellors and hurry all.

Fred. Father as you are princely in your birth,
Famous in your estate, belou'd of all
And (which ads greatest glory to your greatnessse)
Esteem'd wise : Shew not such open folly,
Such palpable, such grosse, such mountaine folly,
Be not the By-word of your neighbour Kings,
The scandall of your Subiects, and the triumph
Of Lenos mathrens and the hatefull stewes :
Why speake you not that are his brother friends,
You that doe weare the Liveries of time,
The silver cognizance of gravitie ?
Shall none but young me schoole ? the reverent old
Birds teach the Dam, stars fill the glorious spheares
Of the all lightning Sunne, speake whilst you may,
Or this rash deede will make a fatal day.

Duke. You haue said too much, encourage none to speake
More then haue spoke ; by my roiall blood,
My mind's establisht not to be withstood,
Those that applaude my choysse glue us your hands,
And helpe to tye these sacred nuptiall hands.

Har.

The costly Whore.

Hat. What likes your excellency, likes me well.

Alfred. And I agree to what my Soveraigne please.

Fred. These are no brothers, they are flatterers,
Contrary to themselues in their owne speech,
You that doe loue the honour of your Prince
The care and long life of my father,
The hereditary right deriv'd to me,
Your countries Welfare and your owne renowne,
Lend me your hands to plucke her from the thronne.

Valen. Princes forbeare, I doe not seeke the match,
It is his highnesse pleasure I sit here,
And if he loue me tis no fault of mine,
Behoues me to be thankefull to his Grace,
And striue in vertue to deserue this place.

Duke. Thou speake'st too mildly to these hare braind youthes :
He that presumes to plucke her from the chaire
Dyes in the attempt, this sword shall end all care.

Fred. Why, shee's notorious.

Duke. But she will amend.

Fred. 'Tis too farre growne to haue a happy end.

Duke. The dangerous the disease greater's the cure.

Fred. Princes may seeke renowne by wayes more sure,
Shee is dishonest.

Duke. Honestie's vnseene,
Shee's faire, and therefore fit to be a Queene.

Fred. But vertue is to be preferd ere lust.

Duke. Those that are once false shal we ne're trust ?

Fred. Wise men approue their actions by the tryall.

Duke. I say she is mine in spight of all deniall.

Bring me the Crowne.

Fred. To set upon her head ?

Friends draw your swords first strike the strumpet dead.

Duke. My guard, my guard.

Alfred. For shame put up your swords.

Fred. For shame great Rulers leaue your flattering words.

Albert. 'Tis madnesse in the King, and worse in you.

The costly Whore.

Hat. Though you proue traytors we're not proue untrue.

Fred. Will you dismisse this Strumpet to the stewes,

Or our allegiance in this act refuse.

Duke. Doe what you dare, the election still shall stand.

Fred. Woe and destruction then must rule the land.

Come Lord *Rinaldo*, valiant *Alberto* come,

We haue friends enough to grace a warlike Drum,

A shout within.

Hearke how the Commons doe applaud our cause,

Lascivious Duke, farewell father, oh vilde,

Where Queanes are mothers, *Fredericke* is no child.

Exeunt.

Duke. My guard pursue them, and aliue or dead,

Cut off the cause by which these cries are bred,

Come my faire Dutchesse first unto the Church,

There solemnize our nuptials, then unto our armes,

A little rough breath over beares these stormes!

*Exeunt. *Marie, Alfred & Hans.**

Alfred. The Duke's besotted now we are secure,

This match makes well for us, we may command,

And on them lay the abuses of the land.

Hat. Excellent good, we are like to haue warres indeed,

But in the meane the poore will starue for bread,

Wee must share proffits howsoere things goe

Winner, or looser, neither is our foe,

For mutually we're beare our selues in all,

Or taking part leane to the strongest wall.

Exeunt.

Enter Constantine and Euphrata.

Eup. My father married to a Concubine,

Then hee will pardon though I marry thee,

And howsoe'er about it presently,

The rather for *Montano* is repealde

Because of his alliance to *Valentia*.

Con. I am ready gentle loue and glad in mind,

That my faire *Euphrata* will proue so kind.

Euph.

The costly Whore.

Euph. Come my deare Constantine performe this right,
And arme in arme thus will we sleepe to night.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fredericke, Rinaldo, and Alberto with
Drum, Colours, and Souldiers.*

Fred. You that are carefull of your countries weale,
Fellow compere, Supporter of the State,
Let us imbrace in steele, our cause is good,
What mind so base that would not shed his blood
To free his countrey from so great an ill,
As now raignes in it by lascivious will,
Our friends to warre, and for my part,
Ere lust beare sway Ile gladly yeeld my heart.

Alberto. I heare the Duke is strong.

Fred. Suppose him so,
And be advis'd strongly to meeete the foe :
I had rather you should think him ten thousand strong,
Then find it so to our destruction,
An enemy thought many and found few,
When our first courage failes giues us a new.

Alarum.

Albert. That's the Dukes Drum.
Fred. They are welcome to their death,
The ground they tread on covers them with earth.

Exeunt.

Enter Fredericke and Duke severall.

Fred. The enemy sends forth a Champion,
To encounter me, I heard him use my name,
The honoar of the combate shall be mine.

Duke. Come boy retreate not, only I intend,
With thy lifes losse this bloody warre to end.

Fred. My naturall father in my blood I feele,
Passion more powerfull then that conquering steele.

Duke. Why dost thou pause base boy thy Soveraigne's come,
To inter the life I gaue thee, in this tombe.

The costly Whore.

Fred. My father, oh my father : nature be still,
That I may haue my fame, or he his will.

Duk. What dost thou feare thy cause, is't now so evill?

Fred. I am possest with a relenting devill;
Legions of kinde thoughts haue surpriz'd my sense,
And I am too weake to be mine owne defence.

Duke. Thou art a coward.

Fred. And you make me so :

For you come charm'd like a dishonour'd foe,
You haue conferr'd with spirits, and tane their aydes
To make me weake, by them I am betraid,
My strength drawne from me by a slight,
What other meanes could hold me from the fight?

Duke. I haue no spells about me.

Fred. Tis vnture,

For naturall Magique you haue brought with you,
And such an exorcisme in your name,
That I forbeare the combate to my shame :
But that I am no coward, from your host
Elect two of the valiantest that dare most,
Double that number, treble it, or more,
I haue heart at will t'encounter with a score.
Or had your selfe come in a strange attire,
One of us twaine had lost his living fire.

Duke. Ile trie your valour: see audacious boy,
Thou art incompaſt with a world of foes,
Montano, Alfred, Vandermaſs and all,
My Dutchesse comes too to, behold thy fall.
If thou haſt ſpirit enough, now craue her ayd,
Never was poore ventrous ſouldier worse apayd.

Exit Duke.

Fred. My deſire now from the ſkie of ſtarres,
Dart all your Deitie, ſince I am beset,
In honourable wife payes all Natures debt.

*They fight, Fredericke beats them off, and conſers
the Dutchesſe over the ſtage.*

Actus

The costlie Whore.

Actus quartus.

Enter Duke, Montane, Valentia, Hatto and Alfred,
Drumme, Colours and Sonldiers.

Duke. Our anger long agoe, renowned Lords,
Is satisfied in faire Valentias loue.
Behold our proud sonne and these traiterous crew,
That dares confront us in the field of Mars.

Valen. You haue been too patient, my beloved Lord,
In calming these tumultuous jarring spirits:
Scourge them with steele, and make the proudest know,
Tis more then death to haue their Prince their foe.

Mon. Bloody constraints beseemes where dutie failes,
And Oratory ceasing, force prevailes.

Hat. Peace would doe better, so it pleas'd your sonne.

Fred. In her allurements first begun,
Banish her from the land, and Ile resigne.

Duk. Learne thine owne dutie traitor, I know mine.

Albert. Then there's no banishment.

Duk. None but by death.

Thy head is forfeit for that daring breath.

Alfred. Submit degenerate and presumptuous Lord.

Albert. When we are ignorant to weild a sword.

Fred. Never shall noble knee bend to this ground,
As long as that vile strumpet liveth crownd.

Duk. I cannot stay to heare my loue deprau'd,
In few words is it peace, or shall we fight,
Till our deepe wounds shall dampe the heavenly light,
Make the ayre purple with the reaking gore.

Fre. Fight whilst life serues you, we will nere giue ore,
The grasse greene pauement shall be drownd in blood,
And yet Ile wade to kill her in the flood.

Duke. Alarum Drum, madnesse is on their side,
All vertuous counsell is by them defied.

Vpon

The costly Whore.

Vpon our part strike Drums, Trumpets proclame,
Death most assur'd to those that loue their shame.

*Alarum, fight lustily and drine away the Duke,
Fredericke pursues Valentia, over the stage, and
takes her, a Retreate sounded.*

*Enter at one doore the Duke, Mon. Hatto, and Alfred with
Drums and Colours. Enter at the other doore Fredericke
leading Valentia prisoner, Rinaldo and Alberto
with Drum and Colours.*

Duke. Why doe traitors sound retreat so soone ?

Fred. Behold the cause.

Duke. Valentia prisoner ?

Fred. The firebrand of this tumultuous warre,
The originall from whence your subjects bloud
Flowes in abundance of this spatiuous play.

Valen. And what of all this ?

Fred. That thy lifes too meane
To satisfie the unworthiest of the Campe,
For the effusion of a loyall drop.

Duk. Meanes Fredericke then to kill his fathers heart,
In faire Valentia's death ?

Fred. Not touch your hand, other
Then humble as becomes a sonne :
But shee shall suffer for enchanting you.

Valen. I am a Dutchesse, set my ransome downe.

Fred. A Dutchesse ! whence proceeds that borrowed name ?
Of what continuance ? scarcely hath the Sunne
Beheld thy pride a day, but doth decline,
Shaming to view a crowned Concubine.

Duke. In mine owne honour Fredericke,
I command thou set a ransome on Valentia.

Fred. What honor's that ? your Dukedomes interest ?
Your princely birth ? your honourable fame ?
All these are blemish'd with a strumpets name.

Mon.

The costly Whore.

Mon. Be not so cruell to bereave her life,
I will draw upon thee a perpetuall scar.:
Thy fathers curse, and a continual warre.

Duke. Oh doe not threaten, *Fredericke* is so mild,
He will not prove such a degenerate child :
I cannot blame him tho' hee rise in arms,
'Tw as not in hate to me, but in disdaine,
That I should sell my royaltie so vaine,
But did he know the value of the iem,
Hee would not crafe it for a Dyadem :
That shee was common her owne words approue,
But many faults are cover'd where men loue,
As thou respects my blessing and good dayes,
Restore her *Fredericke* and augment her prayse.

Fred. Restore her?

Albert. Never.

Duke. *Albert* Thou wert kind and I ne're wrong'd thee,
Doe not change thy minde.

Hart. You doe abase your honour to intreate.

Duke. How can I chooze my affection is so great.

Alfred. Your power is strong, the enemy is but weake.

Duke. In her destruction all my powers will breake,
As thou dost hope of kindnesse in thy choyse,
If ere thou loue, giue eare unto my voice,
Turne not aside thy eye, the feares I feele,
Makes me to bow where tis thy part to kneele :
Loe vassalike, laying aside command,
I humbly craue this favour at thy hand,
Let me haue my beloved, and take my state,
My life I undervalue to that rate :
Craue any thing that in my power doth lye,
Tis thine, so faire *Valentia* may not dye.

Fred. My soule is griev'd, and it appals my blood,
To see my father pusseld in such mood :
Yet shall shee dye, Ile doe as I haue said
With mine hand, Ile chop off the Stumpets head.

The costly Whore.

Alberto. Kill her my Lord, or let me haue the honour.

Duke. Tigers would sauе her, if they looke upon her,
Shee is so beautifull, so heavenly bright,
That shee would make them loue her for the sight,
Thou art more rude then such if thou proceede,
In the execution of so vilde a deede :
Remember one thing, I did never loue,
Till thou my *Frederick* broughtst that fatall Gloue :
That and the Owners name thou didſt descry,
Onely for that cause let not my loue dye.

Fred. O gods !

Duke. Cannot my kneeling serue, my teares prevale,
When all helpeſ faile mee, yet this will not faile :
Proffer thy weapon to her beauteous ſide,
And with her heart, my heart I will divide :
Intreaty Ile urge none more then are paſt :
And either now relent or heres my laſt.

Fred. Stay, if I ſhould relent; will you agree,
To ſigne our generall pardon preſently ?

Duke. By heaven I doe, I freely pardon all,
And a reward I giue in generall.

Fred. Then take her, you deserue her were ſhee better,
Making your Crowne and life to be her Debter.

Duke. Welcome a thouſand times, welcome ſweete wife :
Never more deare then now, I haue ſould thy life.

Valen. This more then kindneſſe I turne backe to you,
Doubling my chaff vow to bee ever true.

Fred. Then here the warres end, are our fightings marde :
Yet by your leaue Ile ſtand upon my Guard.

Duke. Take any course you please, Citie, or Towne,
My royll word Ile keepe by this my Crowne.

Fred. Then thus Ile take my leaue.

Duke. Since we muſt part,
Farewell my Sonne, all farewell wirh my heart.

Exeunt Fred. and his.

Men. Twas well my Lord, 'twas a good policie,

The costly Whore.

To gaine your bride, I hope your grace did not meane,
To be thus overruide by a proud Sonne.

Duke. Why thinke you he intends some treachery ?

Mon. Why not, and did release *Valentia*.

To blind your eyes ; hee that could be so proud,
To rise in armes against his naturall Father,
Hath courage to doe more when he sees time.

Duke. But I haue pardon'd that offence by oath.

Mon. It were uo periury to make him know,
Hee is your Sonne, and sonnes a dutie owe :
This sequestration will in time aspire,
Vnto a flame shall set your Realme on fire :
Warre when a Subiect hath the meanes of will,
'Tis not enough to say he has no will.
For will is alter'd by the place and time,
And hee that's once up, knowes the way to clime :
I speake perchance like a prophetique foole,
But these are wise can counsaile, with your bride
Wisedome adviseth timely to provide.

Duke. What thinkes my loue of *Frederickes* reconcilment ?

Valen. That he has spirit enough to be a traytor :
But I am beholding to him for a life,
And he may brag he gaue your grace a wife :
A good old man, he could not choose but feele,
For shame some small remorse, to see you kneele,
Pray God he gaue me not into your hand,
That he might be the ruine of your land.

Duke. Thinkes my loue so ? but brothers what's your censure ?

Hart. I am no Polititian.

Alfred. Neither I.

Wee are both content to liue quietly.

Duke. Hee may be a villaine tho' he be my Sonne.

Mon. Why not, and worke your ruine like a foe ;
Had he meant well, why did he leaue you so ?
Your noble heart was free from all deceipt,
But hee's retirde to doe some dangerous feate,

The costly Whore.

When Sabiects stand upon their guard looker o't,
They haue some plot in hand and they will do'.

Duke. What course is readiest to prevent such mischiefe?

Mon. Plucke up the fulsome thistle in the prime ;
Young trees bend lightly but grow strong in time :
Were I the worthiest to advise your honour,
You should pursue him with your spredding bands,
Swifter in march then is the lightning flame,
And take him tardy whilst his p'ots are tame ;
Now to charge on his army questionesse,
Would drive them all into a great distresse,
If not confound them, having tane your Sonne,
You may be as kind, and doe as hee hath done :
So shall he know himselfe, and be lesse proud.

Valen. The counsiles good.

Duke. And it shall be allowed.

You that doe loue me, see the hoste prepar'd,
To scare those traytors that our lives haue scarde :
Our armie's many, but their power is free ;
Besides they are traytors, all with us are true :
Sound Drums and trumpets, make the world rebound,
Hearten our friends, and all our foes confound.

Alarum.

Exeunt.

Enter Montano with two or three Souldiers. *Vandarmas*
leading Fredericke bound.

Fred. Base cowards, traytors, how am I surprizde
With these bonds? I am a Prince by birth,
And princely spirits disdaine such clogs of earth ;
Let goe you slaves.

Mon. First know your fathers pleasure.

Fred. You are too bold.

Mon. But you shall keepe a measure.

Fred. Thou blood of common Concubines must I,
Be bound by thee, and heire of Saxony ?

Duk.

The costly Whore.

Duke. It is our pleasure.

Enter Duke and Valen.

Valen. Haue you caught him so?

Now shall you waite the mercy we will shew:

I was too base to be your fathers wife.

Duke. But he shall sue to thee to saue his life.

Fred. Periurde, ungratefull, unnatural,

Is this the Pardon given in generall.

Duke. Wee'l talke of that hereafter, make him fast.

Valen. Helpe Vandermas, our selfe will ayding be,
To keepe in awe such senselesse trechery.

Duke. My helpe and all to prison there till death,
Remaine in duresse.

Fred. Rather stop my breath,

Strangle me with these cords, prison to me

Is twenty deaths, I will haue liberty:

Now as you are a father be more kind,

You did not find me in so sterne a mind:

And you forgetfull of the life I sav'd:

Shall a Dukes Sonne by treason thus be slau'd?

If you suspect my loue, grant me the fight,

I dare in single combate any knight,

Any adventurer, any pandorus hinde,

To proue my faith of an unfained mind.

Duke. Away with him.

Fred. I see my death's set downe,

And some adulterous heire must weare that Crowne:

To intreate a Rodophe, I had rather dye,

Then haue my life lodg'd in such infamy:

If all my fortunes on her words depend,

Let her say kill me, and so make an end.

Duke. Why stay you?

Vander. Good my Lord,

Fred. Peace untaught Groome:

My heart's so great that Ide forerun my doome:

There's no release meant, you haue vowed I see,

To dam your soules by wilfull periury.

The costly Whore.

Yet that I am my selfe let these words shew,
To die is naturall, 'tis a death I owe,
And I will pay it with a minde as free,
As I enjoyed in my best libertie.

But this assure your selfe, when all is done,
They'll kill the father, that will kill the sonne.

Exit.

Duke. What's to be done now?

Mon. Seale unto his death;
Your warrant nere the sooner takes effect:
'Twill be a meanes to make him penitent,
And pardon's meet for such as doe repent.
Seeing his fault, hee'l taste your mercie best,
When now he proudly thinkes he is opprest.

Duke. A Warrant shall be sign'd, and unto thee
I doe command it: deale not partially,
If he be sorry, and in true remorse
Cancell the Writ, else let it haue full force.
Had I ten sonnes, as I haue onely this,
They should all die ere thou depriv'd of blisse:
So great is my affection, my faire wife,
That to save thine I de frankly give my life.
Come, weeble about it strait, all time seemes long,
Where thou hast found slight cause to feare my wrong.

Valen. That writ Ile take, and a conclusion trie,
If he can loue he liues, if hate me, die.
For howsoere I seeme to scorne the man,
Hee's somewhat deare in my affection.
Here comes your brothers.

Enter Alfred and Hatto.

Alfred. May it please your grace,
By chance entring into Saint Maries Church
This morne by break of day, I espide
That that I know will vexe your Excellence:
Your daughter Euphrata is married
To the ambitious beggar Constantine.

Duk. My daughter married my Chamber-squire!

Acton.

The costlie Whore.

Mon. Your Excellence did banish me the land,
Because I did suspect her with that fellow.

Duke. He shall be tortur'd with th'extreamest plague
For his presumption —— Hau you brought them,
That I may kill them with a killing looke.

Hat. Without direction we haue ventured to lay upon them
Your strict command, and they attend.

Duke. Bring the presumptuous.

Enter Constantine and Euphrata, Otho
following in disguise.

Euphr. Forward Constantine, our Rites are done,
Thou art my husband: doe not feare his eye,
The worst it can import is but to die.

Duke. Base and degenerate.

Euphr. He is a Gentleman,
Twas base in you to wed a Curtizan.

Mon. Her brothers spirit right, bold and audacious,

Euphr. Then I am no bastard, wherefore should I feare,
The knot is sacred, and I hold it deare.
I am wedded unto vertue, not to will,
Such blessed unions never bring forth ill.

If I offend in disobedience,
Judge of the power of loue by your offence.
Father, you haue no reason for this ire,
Frowne whilst you kill us, desire is desire.

Duke. A Curtezan? hath that ambitious boy
Taught you such Rethoricke? you shall taste like joy.
I will not reason with you, words are vaine,
The fault is best discerned in the paine.
Your hastie marriage hath writ downe his death,
And thy proud words shall seale it with thy breath.
By what is dearest to mee, here I sweare,
Both of your heads shall grace a fatall beere:
Take them to prison, Ile not heare a word,
This is the mercie that we will afford,
Since they are growne so proud, next morne begun,

The costly Whore.

Let them be both beheaded with my sonne.

Con. Short and sweet, *Euphrata*, the doome is faire,
We shall be soone in heaven, there ends my care.
I scorne entreatie, and my deare I know,
All such slavery thou hastest so.

'Twill be a famous deed for this good man
To kill all's children for a Curtezan.

Euph. Wilt thou die with me?

Conſt. WOULD I liue in heaven?

Thou art now too high for me, death makes us even.

Eup. Looke to your dukedom, those that hast our fall,
Haue by their avarice almost hurried all.

There's a whole Register of the poores crie,
Whilst they are reading them, imbrace and die.

Flings downe her lap full of Petitions.

Duke. Beare them away.

Exeunt Euph. and Constant.

And now let's reade these W rites.

What's here? complaints against my worthy brothers,
For corne transported, Copper money stamp'd,
Our subjects goods ceaz'd, and I know not what.
A plague upon this busie-headed rabble,
We will haue tortures made to awe the slaves,
Peace makes them ever proud, and malapert.
They'l be an Overseer of the State.

Valen. And plead reformation to depose you.

Duk. True my faire Dutchesse, but Ile cut them short.
Rule still deare brothers: take these to the fire,
Let me reade somewhat that augments desire,
Authors and golden Poems full of loue,
Such the Petitions are that I approue:
So I may liue in quiet with my wife,
Let fathers, mothers, children, all lose life.
If thou haue issue, in despight of fate,
They shall succeed in our Imperiall state.
Come iweet to dauncing, then to sport and play,
Till we haue ruled all our life away.

Exeunt.

Manet

The costly Whore.

Manet Otho.

Otho. O pittifull condition of a Realme,
Where the chiefe ruler is ore-rul'd by pleasure,
Seeing my friend surpriz'd in this disguise,
I followed him to mee the consequence :
And to my grieve I see his marriage rites
Will cut him short of all this earths delights.
What's that to mee, when *Constantine* is dead,
I have some hope to attaine her Nuptiall bed,
But shee is doom'd as well as hee to die,
Can the Duke act his daughters Tragedie.
It is impossible, he will relent,
And Ile perswade her freely to repent.
Yet 'tis most likelie that he will agree
He is so farre spent in vild tyrannie.
The commons hate him for the wrong he hath done,
(By his brothers meanes) the Nobles for his sonne.
Famine spreads through the land, the people die,
Yet he lives senselesse of their miserie.
Never were subiects more mislead by any,
Nor ever Soveraigne hated by so many.
But *Constantine*, to thee I cast an eye,
Shall all our friendship end in enmitie?
Shall I that ever held thee as my life,
Hasten thy death, that I may get thy wife,
Or love or friendship, whether shall exceed,
Ile explaine your vertue in this following deed. Exit.

Enter *Valentia*, *Montano* and *Vandemas*.

Val. Have you the instruments I gave in charge?
Vand. Wee have.

Val. And resolution fitting for the purpose?

Mon. All things are ready with our faithfull hearts.

Val. And she that undertakes so great an act,
As I intend, had need of faithfull hearts,
This is the prison, and the jaylor comes

The costly Whore.

In happy time, where's trayterous *Frederick*? Enter Taylor.
Taylor. What is your highnesse pleasure with the Prince?

Val. Looke there if you can reader?

Iai. O heavenly God, what doe I read, a warrant for his death?

Valen. Resigne your keyes, goe weepe a digne or twaine,
But make no clamour with your lamentation.

Jay. I dare not prophesie what my soule feares.
Yet Ile lament his tragedie in teares. Exit.

Valen. Oft have I seenne a Nobleman arraign'd,
By mighty Lords the pillars of the land,
Some of which number his inclined friends,
Have wept, yet past the verdict of his death,
So fares it with the Prince, were I his jaylor,
And so affected unto *Frederick* life,
The fearefull' st tyrant, nor the cruel' st plagues,
That ever lighted on tormented soules,
Should make me yeld my prisoner to their hands.

Mon. Madam, he knowes his dutie and performes it.

Valen. Setting aside all dutie, I would die,
Ere like a woman weepe a tragedie.
Tis basenesse, cowardize, dutie? O slave,
Had I a friend, I'de dye in my friends grave.
But it sorts well for us, Hindes will be Hindes,
And the Ambitious tread upon such mindes,
Waite whilest I call you in the jaylors house.

Mon. We will. Exeunt Van. and Mon.

Valen. My Lord, Prince *Fredericke*. Enter Fred.

Fred. Wofull *Fredericke*,
Were a beseeming Epitaph for me,
The other tastes of too much soveraigntie.
What, is it you? the glory of the stewes.

Valen. Thy mother *Fredericke*.

Fred. I detest that name,
My mother was a Dutches of true fame,
And now I think upon her when she died,
I was ordain'd to be indignant.

She

The costly Whore.

She never did incense my Princely Father
To the destruction of his loving sonne.
Oh she was vertuous, trulie naturall,
But this step-divell doth promise our fall.

Val. Why doest thou raile on me? I am come
To set thee free from all imprisonment.

Fred. By what true superfeedes, but by death,
If it be so, come strike me to the earth,
Thou needest no other weapon but thine eye,
Tis full of poyson, fixe it and Ile die.

Val. Uncharitable youth, I am no serpent venom'd,
No basiliske to kill thee with my sight,

Fre. Then thou speakest death, I am sorry I mistooke,
They both are fatall, there's but little choice,
The first inthral'd my father, the last me,
No deadlier swords ever vs'd enemie,
My lot's the best, that I dye with the sound,
But he lives dying in a death profound.
I grow too bitter being so neere my end,
Speake quickly, boldly, what your thoughts intend.

Valen. Behold this warrant, you can reade it well.

Fred. But you the interpretation best can tell:
Speake beauteous ruine, were great iniurie,
That he should read the sentence that must dye.

Val. Then know in briefe, 'tis your fathers pleasure —

Fred. His pleasure, what?

Val. That you must loose your life.

Fred. Fatall is his pleasure, 'tis to please his wife,
I prethee tell me, didst thou ever know,
A Father pleas'd, his sonne to murder so?
For what is't else, but murder at the best,
The guilt whereof will gnawe him in his brest,
Torment him living, and when I am dead,
Curse thee, by whole plot I was murdered?
I have seene the like example, but ô base,
Why doe I talke with one of thy disgrace:
Where are the officers? I have liv'd too long,

The costly Whore

When he that gave me life, does me this wrong.

Val. That is thy fathers hand, thou dost not doubt?
And if thou shouldst I have witnessse to approve it,
Yet tho it be his hand, grant to my request,
Love me, and live.

Fred. To live so I detest, love thee?

Valen. I, love me, gentle *Frederick*, love me.

Fred. Incestuous strumpet cease.

Val. Oh thou dealest ill,
To render so much spleene for my good will.

Fred. Torment farre worse then death.

Valen. Ile follow thee,
Deare *Fredericke* like thy face be thy words faire.

Fre. This monstrous dealing doubles my deaths care

Valen. What shall I call thee to allay this ire?

Fred. Why call me son, and blush at thy desire.

Valen. I never brought thee foorth.

Fred. Art thou not wife unto my father?

Val. Thinke upon thy life,
It lyes like mine, onely in gengle breath,
Or that thy father's dead, and after death,
'Tis in my choice to marry whom I will.

Fred. Any but me.

Valen. O doe not thinke so ill,
Rather thinke thou art a stranger not his sonne.
Then 'tis no incest tho the Act be done,
Nature unto her selfe is too unkind,
To buzz such scruples into *Fredericks* minde,
Twas a device of man to avoid selfe love,
Else every pleasure in one stocke should move,
Beautie in grace part never from the kinne.

Fred. If thou persever as thou hast begun,
I shall forget I am my fathers sonne,
I shall forget thou art my fathers wife,
And where 'tis I must die, abridge thy life.

Valen. Why didst not kill me being thy prisoner then,
But friendly didst deliver me a jemme?

The costly Whore.

Vnto thy father, wert not thou didst love me: (me,

Fred. Beyond all sufferance, monster thou dost move

'Twas for my fathers sake, not for thine owne,

That to thy lifes losse, thou hadst throughly knowne,

But that relenting nature playde her part,

To save thy blood, whose losse had slaine his heart,

And it repents me not hee doth survine.

But that his fortune was so ill to wife,

Come kill, for, for that you came; shun delayes,

Lest living, Ile tell this to thy dispraise,

Make him to hate thee, as he hath just cause,

And like a strumpet turne thee to the lawes.

Valen. Good Fredericke.

Fred. Tis resolu'd on, i have said.

Valen. Then fatall Ministers I crave your ayde.

Come Vandermas, Montano, wheres your corde?

Enter Van.

and Adone.

Quicklie dispatch, strangle this hatefull Lord,

Or stay, because I loue him, he shall chuse,

The easiest of three deaths that we may vse,

The halter, poyson or bloodshedding blade.

Fred. Any of them.

Valen. This Aconite's well made, a cup of poyson,

Stuft with dispatching simples, give him this,

And he shall quickly leave all earthly blisse.

There, take it Fredericke, our last gift of grace,

Since thou must die, Ile have thee die apace.

Fred. O happie meanes given by a trecherous hand

To be my true guide to the heavenly land.

Death steales upon me like a silken sleepe,

Through every vaine doe leaden rivers flowe,

The gentle st poyson that I ever knewe,

To worke so coldly, yet to be so true,

Like to an infant patiently I goe,

Out of this vaine world, from all worldly woe,

Thankes to the meanes, tho they deserve no thankes,

My soule beginnes t'ore-flow these fleshly bankes,

My death I pardon unto her and you,

The costlie Whore.

My sinnes God pardon, so vaine world adiew.

Valen, Ha,ha,ha.

he falls asleepe.

Mon. Hee's dead, why does your highnesse laugh?

Valen. Why Lord *Montano*, that I love to see,
He that hath sav'd my life, to die for me.

But there's a riddle in this Princes deatb,
And Ile explaine it on this floore of earth.

Come, to his sisters execution goe,
We have varietie of ioyes in woe,

I am sure you have heard his Excellence did sweare,
Both of their heads should grace a Kingly beare,

Vpon a mourning hearse let him be layd,
He shalbe intombed with a wived maid.

Exenne.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Duke, Hatto, and Alfred.

Duke. Bring forth the prisoners, wher's my beauteous Dutches,
That she may see the ruine of her foes,
She that upbraided her with slanderous wordes,
She that in scorne of due obedience,
Hath matcht the honour of the *Saxons* blood,
Vnto a beggar, let them be brought foorth,
I will not rise from this tribunali seat,
Till I have seene their bodies from their heads.

Alfred. Here comes the Dutches with proud *Fredericks* hearse.

Enter *Valentia*, *Montano*, *Vandermas* with others, bearing the
hearse with *Fredericke* on, couered with a blacke robe.

Duke. So set it downe, why have you honored it
With such a fable coverture? a traytor
Deserves no cloth of sorrow, set it downe,
And let our other off-spring be brought foorth,
My beauteous lovely and admired love,
Come fit by us in an imperiall chayre.

And

The costly Whore.

And grace this state throne with a state more fayre.

Valen. My gracious Lord, I hope your excellency
Will not be so forgetfull of your honour,
Prove so unnaturall to your loving daughter,
As to bereave her of her life,
Because she hath wedded basely gainst your will ,
Though *Fredericke* dyed deservedly, yet she
May by her loves death cleare her indignitie.

Duke. She and her love we have tentenced to die,
Not for her marriage onely, tho that deede
Crownes the contempt with a deserved death,
But chiefly for she raid against thy worth,
Vpbraided thee with tearmes so monstrous base,
That nought but death can cleare the great disgrace,
How often shall I charge they be brought foorth?
Were my heart guiltie of a crime so vilde,
I'de rend it forth, then much more kill my childe.

Val. O that this love may last, 'tis sprung so hie,
Like flowers at full growth, that grow to die.

*Enter Iulia With a vaile over her head, Otho With
another, with Officers.*

Duk. What means these fable vailes upon their faces?

Val. In signe they sorrow for your high displeasure,
For since the houre they were imprisoned,
They have liv'd like strangers, hood-winkt, together,
You may atchieve great fame victorious Lord,
To save the lives of two such innocents.

Duke. Tis pretty in thee my soule lov'd Dutchesse,
To make this Princely motion for thy foes,
Let it suffice, they're traitors to the state,
Confederators with those that sought my life,
A kinne to *Fredericke* that presumptuous boy,
That durst beare armes against his naturall father.
Are they more deare then he? off with their vailes.

Mon. O yet be mercifull unto your daughter,

Duke.

The costly Whore.

Duke. You make me mad, headsmen dispatch I say.
They are doom'd to die, and this the latest day.

Otho. Then let him strike, who ever traitors be,
I am sure no treason lives in her or me. Otho puts of
his veile.

Duke. How now, what's here? Otho and Iulia.
Am I deluded, where is Euphrata,
And that audacious traitor Constantine?

Otho. Why fled.

Duke. To whom?

Otho. To safetie, here was none,
I can resolve you of the circumstance,
Betwixt the noble Constantine and I,
Noble I call him, for his vertuous minde,
There was a league of love so strongly made
That time wants houres, and occasion cause,
To violate the contract of our hearts,
Yet on my part the breach did first appeare,
He brought me to behold his beauteous love,
The faire Euphrata, her Angel sight,
Begate in me the fire of private love,
I that before did like her for my friend,
Now to deceive him, sought her for my selfe,
But my deuice was knowne unto my friend,
And wort hilie he banisht me his sight. (forth.)

Duke. Whats this to their destruction, seeke them

Otho. They are far enough for suffering such a death,
I well considering my unfriendly part,
Bethought me how to reconcile my selfe,
Unto my hearts endeared Constantine,
And seeing him carried to the prison, we
Followed, and found meanes for their libertie.

Duk. Are they escapt then?

Otho. Both in our disguise,
And we stand here to act their tragedies,
If they have done amisse, onus
Impose the Law.

Iulia. O let our suites prevale,

I aske

The costly Whore.

Iaske to dye for my deare Ladies sake.

Otho. I for my friend.

Duke. This friendly part doth make
My heart to bleede within me, and my mind
Much perplext, that I haue beene so unkind.
What second funerall march is that I heare?

Enter Rainaldo, and Alberto like schollers, grieving before the
Beare, others following them with the bodies of
Euphrata, and Constantine covered
with blacke.

Alberto. Health to this presence, though the newes,
Impairing health I bring unto this presence,
The bodies of the drowned Constantine,
And the faire Euphrata, behold them both.

Duke. Of drowned Constantine and Euphrata,
Declare the manner, and with killing words;
Temper thy words, that it may wound my life.

Albert. Passing the Rhine bordering upon the tower,
From whence it seemes they lately had escapt,
By an unskilfull Guide their guidelet
Encountred with an other, and the shooke
Drown'd both the vessayles, and their haplesse liues:
Their bodies hardly were recover'd,
But knowne we brought them to your excellencye,
As to a father that should mourne for them.

Duke. Vnto a tyrant, doe not call me father,
For I haue beene no father to their liues:
The barbarous Canniball that never knew
The naturall touch of humane beauty
Would haue beene farre more mercifull then I:
Oh tyrannie the overthrow of Crownes,
Kingdomes, subversion, and the deaths of Kings.
Loe here a piteous object so compleate,
With thy intestine and destroying fruite,
That it will strike thee dead, oh Euphrata.

The costly Whore.

Oh princely *Fredericke*, never deare to me
Till now, in you I see my misery
My sonne, my daughter, vertuous *Constantine*.

Hart. What meanes this griefe my Lord, these are the traytors,
That you in iustice sentenced to dye.

Aifred. A trecherous sonne, and a rebellious daughter.

Valen. Those that did lecke to take away your life.

Mon. Bereave you of your Crownes prerogatiue.

Duke. Hence from my sight, blood thirsty Counsellors,
They never sought my life, but you haue sought it,
Vertuous *Alberto*, and *Rinaldo*:

Had I given eare to them and to my sonne,
My ioyes had flourished that now are done.

Valen. Yet for my sake, allay this discontent.

Duke. Tis for thy sake, thou vilde notorious woman,
That I haue past the limits of a man,
The bonds of nature.

’Twas thy bewitching eye, thy Syrens voice,
That throwes me upon millions of disgrace,
Ile haue thee tortur’d on the Racke;
Plucke out those basiliske enchanting eyes,
Teare thee to death, with Pincers burning hot,
Except thou giue me the departed liues
Of my deare children.

Valen. What am I a Goddesse,
That I should fetch their flying soules from heaven,
And breath them once more in their clay cold bodies?

Duke. Thou art a witch, a damn’d forceresse;
No goddesse but the goddesse of blacke hell,
And ail those devils thy followers:
What makes thou on the earth to murder men?
Will not my sonnes and daughters timeless liues,
Taken away in prime of their fresh youth
Sserve to suffice thee?

Valen. O you are mad my Lord;

Duke. How can I choose,
And such a foule *Erynnis* gafe on me,

The costly Whore.

Such furious legions circle mee about,
And my slaine Sonne and Daughters fire brands,
Lying so neere me, to torment my soule,
Extremities of all extremities.

Take pitty on the wandring sense of mine,
Or it will breake the prison of my soule :
And like to wild fire, fly about the world,
Till they haue no abiding in the world :
I faint, I dye, my sorrowes are so great,
Oh mortalitie renounce thy seate.

He falleth downe

Valen. The Duke I feare is slaine with extreame griefe :
I that had power to kill him, will assay hence forth,
My utmost industry to saue his life.

Looke up my Lord, 'tis not *Valentias* voice,
That Courtezan, that hath betray'd thy honour :
Murder'd thy children, and almost slaine thee :
I am thy sonne, I am Prince *Fredericke* ;
If thou haft any liking of that name,
Looke on my face, I come to comfort thee.

Duke. The name of *Fredericke* is like *Hermes* wande,
Able to charme and uncharme sorrowfull men,
Who nam'd *Fredericke* ?

Valen. I pronounc't his name,
That haue the power to giue thee thy lost Sonne :
Had I like vertue to restore the other :
Behold my Lord, behold thy headlesse Sonne
Blest with a head, the late deceased living,
As yet not fully waken'd from the sleepe :
My drowtie potion kindled in his braine,
But much about this houre the power should cease,
And see he wakes.

Duke. O happineffe 'tis hee.

Valen. Imbrace him then, but ne're more imbrace me.

Fred. Where am I, in what dungeon, where's my graue ?
Was I not dead, or dreamt I, I was dead,
This am I sure that I was prisoned.

Duke. Thou art deceiv'd my Sonne, but this deceit

The costly Whore.

Is worth commendations, thanke my Dutchesse,
Her discretion redified thy life,
But she hath prou'd her selfe a gracious wife.

Fred. She tempt me to lust, waist in my grave?

Valen. 'Twas but to try thy faith unto thy father,
Let it suffice, his hand was at thy death,
But twas my mercie that proclaim'd thy breath.

Fred. To heaven and you I render worthy thanks.

Duke. Oliv'd my *Euphrata* and *Constantine*,
How gladly would I all my grieve refigne.

Albert. On that condition: and with this besides,
That you are pleas'd to pardon us and them,
We doe referre our persons to your mercie.

Duke. My daughter, my deare sonne in law,
Vertuous *Alberto*, then my friend,
My ioyes are at the highest, make this plaine,
How these fav'd drownd, as *Fredericke* has bin slaine.

Albert. Presuming on the example of these friends,
And know we are all actors in this plot,
Boldly presented your presence with this minde,
If pardoning them, your grace would pardon us,
If otherwise, this was the ioy of either,
That death's lesse painfull, when friends die together.

Duke. We doe receive you all into our fauour,
And my faire Dutchesse, my unkind divorcee,
Shall be confounded with a second marriage,
I here receive thee once more as my wife.

Val. You have your children, I have paid that debt,
You have divorce'd me, therefore I am free,
And henceforth I will be at libertie. (Lord.

Duke. There's no divorce can part thee from thy

Valen. Like to unkindnesse ther is no divorce.
I will no more be won unto your bed,
But take some course to lament my life mislead.

Duk. Canst thou live better then in sacred wedlock?

Valen. Wedlocke to me is unpleasing, since my Lord.
Hath broke the band of marriage with unkindnesse.

Duke. Intreat her children, *Freuericke*, *Euphrata*,

The costly Whore.

Let me not loose the essence of my soule,

Fred. Divine Valentia, mirrour of thy sexe,

The pride of true reclaim'd incontinence,

Honour of the dishonoring, yeeld I pray,

And be mercifull, pitty my fathers smart,

Since thy last thralldome hath neare cleft his heart.

Eup. 'Twas for his children that his spleene did rise,

Anger, a torture haunting the most wise,

Valen. O no I am a murdereſſe, an *Erinnis*,

A fury ſent from *Limbo*, to affright

Legions of people with my horrid ſight. (ties.

Hat. What doe you meane, be won by their intrea-

Alfred. 'Tis madneſſe in you to be thus perverse.

Val. Who ever ſpeaks, base wretches be you dumb,

You are the catter pillers of the ſtate,!

By your bad dealings he is unfortunate,

Thou honourable true beloved Lord,

Hearken to me, and by thy antient love,

I charge thee banish these realmeſucking ſlauſeſ,

That build their pallace upon poore mens graves,

O those are they, that have wrong'd both you and me,

Made this bleſt land, a land of miserie.

And ſince by too much loving your grace, hath falne

Into a generall hatred of your ſubiects,

Redeeme your loſt estate with better dayes,

So ſhall you merit never dying praise,

So ſhall you gaine lives quietneſſe on earth,

And after death a new celeſtiall birth.

Duke. Unto thy wiſeſdom I referre their doomes,

My ſelfe my Dukedom, and my crowne,

Oh were there any thing of higher rate,

That unto hee I'de wholly conſecrate.

Val. This kind ſurrender ſhewes you are a Prince,

Worthy to be an Angell in the world

Of immortallitie :

Which theſe cursed creatures never can attaine,

But that this world may know how much I hate,

This cruell base oppreſſion of the poore :

The costly Whore.

First I enioyne you for the wrongs you haue done,
Make restitution, and because your goods,
Are not sufficient so to satisfie ;
I doe condemne your bodies to the Mynes,
Where liue like golden drudges all your liues :
In digging of the mettall you best loue :
Death is your due, but for your noble race,
This gentle sentence I impose on you,
The Duke succeeding shall behold it done.

Duke. Who's that my loue ?

Valen. Kind Fredericke your sonne,
The interest that your grace hath given to me,
I freely doe impart.

Duke. We doe agree to what my Dutchesse please.

Valen. The state is thine :

Thy Uncles sentence *Fredericke* shall be mine.

Fred. Beare them away, what you haue said shall stand,
Whilst I haue interest in this new given land.

Hat. We doe receive our iudgements with a curse.

Valen. Learne to pray better, or it shall be worse :
Lords see these wormes of kingdomes be destroyed :

And now to give a period to my speech :

I doe intreate your grace, if that your loue
Be not growne cold ; but that your heart desires

The true societie of a chaste wife :

Be pleas'd to undergoe a further doome,

Wee haue liv'd too lightly, we haue spent our dayes,

Which should be dedicated to our God,

In soule destroying pleasure, and our sloth

Hath drawne upon the Realme a world of playes :

Therefore hereafter let us liue together,

In some removed cell or hermitage,

Vnto the which, poore travellers mislead,

May haue direction and reliefe of wants.

Duke. A hermetary life is better then a kingdome,
So my *Valentia* bear me company.

Valen. If my dread Lord will for my sake endure,

The costly Whore.

So strickt a calling, my bewitching haires,
Shall be made napkins to dry up the teares,
That true repentance wringeth from our hearts, -
Our sinnes we'll number with a thousand fighes :
Fasting shall be the Seward of our Feast :
Continall prayer in stead of costly cates,
And the Remainder of our life a schoole,
To learne new lessons for the land of heaven :
The will where power is wanting is good payment :
Grace doth reiect no thought, tho' nere so small,
So it be good, our God is kind to all :
Come my deare Lord, this is a course more kind :
No life like us that haue a heavenly mind.

Mon. O let me be a servant in that life.

Valen. With all my heart, a Partner let him be,
There's small ambition in humility.

Duke. Fredericke farewell, deare Euphrata adue,
Remember us in prayer, as we will you. *Exennt D. & D.*

Fred. A happy change, would all that step awry,
Would take like course in seeking pietie.

Otho. Two humble suites I craue of my best friend :
First pardon for my rashnesse in your loue,
Next this most loyall Virgin for my wife.

Con. With all my heart if *Julia* be pleas'd.

Julia. I haue no power to disobey your grant.

Con. Then she is yours.

Fred. *Alberto.*

The offices belonging to our Uncles,
We doe deriue to you for your good service,
In our late warres, and in our sisters loue.
And now set forwards, Lords let us be gone,
To solemnize two mariages in one.

Epilogue.

The Epilogue.

Encouragement unto the valiant,
Is like a golden spurre upon the heele
Of a young Knight, like to a wreath of Bay
To a good Poet: like a sparkling Crowne,
Unto a Kings Son. Honour and renowme
Is the effient and persevering cause
Of every weldeserved action.
Take away some recorde, encouragement,
And the World's like a Chaos, all delight
Buried, unborne in everlasting night.
Even so it fares with us and with the rest,
Of the same facultie, all merely nothing,
Without your favour, every labour dyes,
Save such whose second springs comes from your eyes:
Extend your beames of loue to us at full;
As the Sunne does unto the Easterne clime:
And England may bring forth like India,
As costly spice, as orientall Iems:
The earth's all one, the heate refines the monlde:
And favour makes the poorest ground yielde gold.

FINIS.











